

ROYALL

1626

PSALMES,

OR,

SOLILOQUIES

OF

D. ANTHONY, KING

OF

PORTINGALL.

Wherein the Sinner confesseth his
Sinnes, and imploereth the Grace
of GOD.

Translated into French

By P. DURIER.

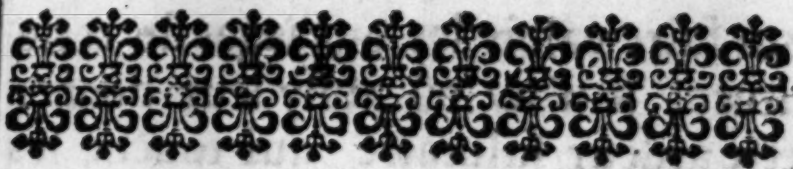
Into English by

Baldwin St George, Gent.

L O N D O N,

Printed for Humphrey Moseley, and are to
be sold at his shop at the Prince's Armes
may in S. Pauls Church-yard. 1659.





A Tres-Haute et Tres Illustre

PRINCESSE

François de Lorraine, Duchesse

DE

VENDOSME.

MADAM,



Il me semble que ces
Pseames, qui sont
sortis d'une main
Royale, ne pouvient
r'entrer en de plus il-
lustres mains que les
vostres, Ils ont esté Composez par un
Roy, & Je les presente à une Prin-
cesse, dont la vertue n'est pas moins
estimable que les sceptres & les Cour-
onnes. Je scaybien que n'ayant pas
cet' esprit de pieté qui est si necessaire

A 2

pour

pour faire valoir les ouvrages de cette nature, Je n'ay pû ausſy leur donner cette ardeur ſalutaire qui touche les pecheurs, & que leur premier auteur leur a ſi utilement donnee, mais c'eſt Aſſez que l'on ſcache que voſtre Grandeur ne les a pas ded'aigne pour croire qu'ils ſeront profitables. Ainſi, Madame, je les ay ſeulement comencez, en leur donnant des paroles pour les faire entendre en noſtre Langue & j'eſpere que vous les acheverez par voſtre approbation, Je ne chercheray point icy d'artifice pour obliger voſtre Grandeur de les recevoir favorablement, Je ſuis aſſuré, Madame, que vous n'y verrez rien qui ne vous plaiſe, puis que vous n'y verrez rien qui ne réjouiſſe les Anges Meſmes. C'eſt un pecheur qui ſe repent de ſes fautes qui implore la miſerecorde de ſon dieu, & qui fait de ſa conversion, la plus grande felicité qu'il puiſſe trouver ſur la terre. Il ne parle pas de langage de la cour, parce qu'il ſcait bien que ce n'eſt pas le langage de dieu.

Il aime mieux concevoir de bons desirs, que de prononcer de belles paroles; & pour-veu qu'il puisse dire qu' a peché, ill croit estre assez eloquent, Je m' imagine donc,

Madame, que vous aimerez le pecheur en ce glorieux estat & que vous vous divertirez quelquesfois à luy voir répandre des larmes, dont le repentir est la source. C'est un divertissement, qui n'est jamais desagreceable aux ames vertueuses & saintes, & y est en cette occasion qu' on peut legitimement souhaiter de voir soupirer son prochain. Je suis

Madame,

*De vostre Grandeur
le tres-humble, tres-obeissant,
& tres-fidelle Serviteur,*

DUR YER.

TO





To the truly
HONORABLE,

Noble, and most vertuous Lady,

**The Lady
ANNE INGOLDSBY.**

MADAM,



Y apprehensiv^e quill drew-
in its bashfull Inke, at
the presumption to fron-
tispiece so mean a pre-
sent, as a Translation,
with an Inscription to a
Person of so much Honour, so much worth,
so thronged an Inventory, and so compleat
Synopsis, of all Perfections. But embold-
ned, first, by the Precedent of the French
Translator; secondly, encouraged by the
A 4 Piety

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Piety of the Subject; moved thirdly, by the Noblenesse of the Author: It hath distilled some obliged drops towards this Dedication to your Ladyship of a French treatise, done into the English dialect, by an unparallel'd Mistriss in both, of a Pious subject to a pious Patronesse, of a Noble Author to a Noble Lady. Madam, you shall here behold a Royal Convert: The Angels rejoyce at the Conversion of a sinner; and, as your Vertues intitle you to their Fellowship, and something above mortall in your beauty to their resemblance, you must necessarily partake of their Joy, and fill up the quire of that Cœlestiall Hierarchy with your Allelujah's. And seeing nothing but a little Clay (which although in reference to your Ladyship's amiable Symmetry, is stamped with a preparative Angelicall Impresse) detaineth you from the present enjoyment of their blessed Society; you cannot neverthelesse but be alike moved with them, and will (I hope) afford the Gracious Influence of your Protecting beames to the unworthy Interpreter of these welcome Tydings, and crown him
(which

The Epistle Dedicatory.

which is the highest ayme his ambition
revels at) with a Crown, studded
and enammell'd with your smiles. As
his Consideration seemed to extenuate my
oldnesse; So, the Universall engaging sweet-
nesse of your disposition, the obliging Pro-
digality of your favours to me in parti-
cular, and the deep sense of gratitude to
your noble family and relations, Warrant
ed the Inscription, and Commands the
Subscription of

Madam,

Your Ladiship's most
humble and vowed
Servant.

B. St. George.

ROYALL





ROYALL
PSALMES:
OR,
SOLILOQUIES
OF
D. ANTHONY, KING
OF
PORTUGALL.

Wherein the Sinner confesseth his
Sinnes, and imploreth the Grace
of GOD.



Hence shall I exhale tears
enough to pay a deluge for
the strayings and disor-
ders of my soul? When I
throw my Considerations on the past-
rod paths of my life, and cast a specu-
lative

lative optick on the passages of youth, horror and sadnesse arrests me in survey. This reflection on my selfe verberates to my soul nothing but trembling, nothing but condemnation nothing but dispaire, nothing but confusion. I know what I have bin, I have known what I ought to have bin, I know not now what I am. I apprehend what I shall bee: And the less my sorrow is for offending God, the more the apprehensions of it, is enlarged.

Why cannot I repent more, that may fear lesse? Alas! I have bin long under thy scourge (O Lord) and the heaviness of thy hand makes me feel the weight of my transgressions; yet cannot I fix a repentant kisse to that Rod. Long hast thou lured me, yet I remaine still unreclaimed; long hast thou rais'd and plai'd thy Batteries to force a passage to my heart; yet I, so much my owne enemy, deny an amicable Intervew to one who brings and offers life. A thousand evils cast up their trenches

of me and about me, death threatneth me
 its me the van, flank, and reare; and al-
 lse though I am storm'd with all sorts of
 g calamities and afflictions, yet my soul
 ation hath not one hostage-teare to ransome
 t com my salvation. These ills have not only
 ha waqued mine age; my life and suffer-
 in, gs comenced together, from my
 pprouth I am a man of sorrow: In fine, I
 e less ay on the counters of my dylasters,
 , thst up the single moments of my life;
 nlar and now I suffer, because suffering
 ought me not repentance for my
 hataults. O the admirable prudence of the
 lom heavenly and great Physitian! O the
 d thmmense goodness of the King of kings
 fee the Sovereign of heaven and earth! O
 s ye the bountifull opennesse of that hand
 that hat stroweth about its favours! O my
 I re God, thou underbladders't me with
 hou reifs, that I may not sink in pleasures,
 orce that I may learne to rejoyce, with-
 a my out making my Joyes criminall, thou
 ter. delegates sorrows finite, to atone for
 life sorrowes Infinite; thou dismantles my
 the body of comforts, to cloathe my soul
 and with

with salvation. The wounds that thou
inflicts, are but to open an easier ex-
pient to my cure; and thou endange-
rest not my present life, but as a pre-
parative to a life more happy, more glo-
rious, more triumphant. But alas! what
necessary for me, falls so little under
my cognizance, that I check at the
physick of thy mercifull prescriptions,
dread those afflictions, whose rigorous
violence ought to instruct, and ought
to be received as effects rather of mercy
than of choler: so that I fail in dis-
tinguishing the counter-poysons thou
tenderest: and how shall I distinguish
them, being not to be cured but by af-
fliction? yet I desire to be freed from
an affliction so wholesome. To conclude
can there be any hopes of a cure but
from griefs? Seeing sickness and dis-
eases are the fruits of pleasure, let me
suffer them, (O Lord my God) but to
the end that my sorrows may be con-
verted into joyes, and I rejoyce with
thee; teach me how my suffering
may meet with thy divine pleasure
and my owne salvation. PSAL

PSALM II.

Come with a swift current tides
 away yeares and dayes, yet my
 happinesse still fixeth my condition;
 I am still a sinner, still call downe the
 wrath of my God's Indignation. Having
 been constantly wracked on the wheel
 of so many afflictions, so many miseries;
 they have not forced from me so much
 as one good thought, one sensible de-
 nunciation of my sins, the sole Axle-
 tree whereon my misfortunes turne.
 I regard not how I lend an advantage-
 to my foot to each dayes sinfull trips, but
 I have not regard to recover my foyle;
 I will patch up my old iniquities with
 new offences, and step from petty
 transgressions to capital; how shall I en-
 dure the stroke of my last hour?
 How shall I fly? where shall I conceal
 my guilty head, when Judgment sum-
 mons to an appearance, and I am cited
 to bring in my audit for my manifold
 receipts? at what a blush will my in-
 excusable sloath & negligence, tongue-
 tied

ried stand, when I shall behold thee
of thy enthroned Majesty, and must
passe a strict scrutiny for the least pe-
cadilloes in my behaviour and con-
cernments? I wil reply then, my God
I am over-charged, O let thy mercy
be an advocate in my cause: who am I
where shall I find eloquence to make
my tongue fertill with a rejoinder
thy Justice? but what shall I do if thou
urge a plea? I must with a trembling
bashfullnesse wrap my face in confi-
sion and acknowledge I have not im-
proved the stock wherewith I was
trusted, I must confesse I have mis-
buried it in vanities, and that it has
served as an exchequer to maintain
my lusts, and that I have lavished it
living sinfully. Alas? did I say [in
ving]? it is not an expression fit
cleare that condition; I should rather
say in dying. I imagin'd I lived in
dayes of my voluptuousnesse, but now
thorough-conviction lyes upon my soul
I was dead, because I lived without
Thee, the only true life. How should

live when my memory affords not one
instance that I have lived with thee:
In fine, (O my God) since the life of a
sinner is death; I may truly conclude,
my death anticipated my life; as yet I
am not acquainted with life, but stil re-
main in an empty channel cut off from
my God the head and fountaine of life.
My corrupt inclinations still impreg-
nated my tender age with occasions of
offending thee, I was scarce enfranchi-
sed from the womb, when I fell into the
bondage of sin : At my nativity, my
cheeks were bedewed with teares for
sins I was conceived in and knew not.
And I had scarce dryed up the teares
for the sins of another, but I began to
commit sins my self which I did know,
yet have not lent them one teare. I
have delighted my selfe in the sins of
my infancy, and with my impurities
prophan'd the innocency of that age
which nature intended the Sanctuary
and sacred treasury of all the purity of
this life. I have breathed nothing but
concupiscence, I have been the shame-
full triumph of my base and sinfull af-
fections,

fections, and a web so thick hath spread it selfe over the eye of my understanding, that I could not discern between light and darknesse, between the smooth calmenesse of the mind, and the tempestuous Billows of sensuality. In an age so ignorant and so little studious of good, I have given a quicker care to the world then to heaven, I have bin driven down the swift torrent of a deceitfull voluptuous stream; and, as if I had been carried away more with the love of torments then rewards, I have acted here on Earth whatsoever might further my inevitable precipice into hell. From a corrupted infancy I have proceeded to a debauched puberty; my sins have shooted up with my yeares and have grown whilst I grew. My vaine and vicious loves, put on me the shape of a mad-man or barbarian; and at the same time I was philtred and enchanted, by their lushious witchcrafts. I became mine own enemy, and willingly ran into the fatall embraces of my own ruine. The dayes of my puberty were graduares

in

in the schooles of sinne. Through the course of sinning I passed to the degree of my Youth, which has left behind it no other tracts but the soyls and sul-lyings of vice; every moment that adds to my age adds to my sins. I have bin young, I have attain'd the viril consistency of a man, and disseising vice hath alwayes held the signiory of my Soul which owed allegiance unto vir-ue. Age hath swan-plum'd my el-der head, yet it so little maturates my judgment, that I tread not in the paths of thy heavenly directions; and as if I were a child, at a double Jubilee of yeares, old and crasie as I am, yet do I the actions of a Child. What time hath bin so unprivy to my faults that it may encourage the least plea of Innocency? Alas! my God if thou should'st gratifie me, to expect untill I pick'd out one moment of Innocency in my whole life, to move in arrest of Judgement; what advantage could I take of that fa-vour, since my life affords not one mi-nute but loaden with a sin? Thou art Just (my God,) thy Judgements are

Justice it selfe ; thy decisions match
the merits of the cause. When I seek
for appeasing inducements, I find in me
nothing but provoking motives. All
my accounts carry the justice of a mer-
rified fear, And I cannot reckon them
without summing up my transgressi-
ons. I have bin alwayes active in ini-
quity, I have constantly footed the dan-
ces of the wicked, their instructions
have been alwayes my charming mu-
sick. I have wallowed in vices like
swine in the mire, whose repast is or-
dure and filth ; nor have I fancied my
selfe, in other than in things vaine, de-
tractious, and blasphemous ; whatso-
ever was wholesome became nauseous
and that only had the gust to tickle my
wanton palate which was mortiferous
my Bosome-councell were the wicked
I had no enjoyment but in the societie
of the reprobate ; my ambition was to
aim at the wretched grandure of an
minent sinner. I was dextrous in excu-
sing, slow in accusing my selfe. To stee-
pen and harden my heart, was the butt
of my bended endeavours ; and the not
acknow

acknowledging my selfe a sinner, the
more aggravation it heaped on my sins,
the lesse minorations is left my excuses,
I was negligent in procuring Balsome
for my wounded soul, sleighted all re-
cipe's, and grew enraged against those
beyond the limits of all reason and re-
spect vvho forced a seasonable Chirur-
gy. I have knit my fists at the instruct-
or, and opened my armes to the flatte-
er; my eares have not admitted in thy
peace-propounding-trumpets, but given
audience to those that came without
thy orders. In fine, (my God,) the vani-
ty of the world hath been the whole
course of my studies. All my discourses
were lies, in the addresses of all my af-
faires, I have courted darknesse before
light. See here the landskip of my acti-
ons, see the card of my whole life!
Where is there any thing to be found
but provocatives of thy just indignati-
on? So that I will answer thy interro-
gatories with nothing but humble con-
fessions; and since thou hast taught me,
selfe-accusation proves the most accep-
table excuse, I will sue out my Justifi-

cation with the bare acknowledgmen
of my crimes; rase out from thy memo
ry the disorders of my youth, and in
dite me not at the Barre of thy Justice.
It is impossible for man to be justified
before thee: but, if I must passe thorough
thy judgments, turne me over (O God
to the Bench of thy Mercy, and remem
ber I am the workmanship of thy own
hands, although a sinner. If my sin
provoke, let thy mercy appease; let
its intercession merit the repentance of
him that adores thee; let it bound thy
justly-incensed wrath; In fine, let it
snatch me out of the fiery embraces of
hell, to the end my soul may echo
forth thy praises, and trump, through
out all the corners of the earth, the
effects of thy clemency.

PSALM III.

WHat an aggravated unhappiness is it, to have incensed the author of happiness, to have offended the purchaser of Salvation, and to have despised so superciliously his precepts? I have willingly quitted the paths of felicity, and like a stray sheep wandered and straggled within the shot and command of all occasions, that might gape after and design my destruction; I have roved every where, and every where been assailed by troops of sorrows, griefs, and misfortunes. I have been wildred in the meanders of perdition and iniquity. I have left no place unbeaten, that I might spring to my self repose and consolation; but I retri'd them not, because I minded not Thee, my God. Without enquiring after the territories of peace, I have travelled through Barren land, the demeasns of death and sinne, where horror and pain encamp, and where the Soul lyes sentenced to the Marshalsey of everlasting torments.

torments. Whilst I glittered in
pomp and dignity, I was dash'd with
their coruscancy; and as if I had been
Nabucadonofer'd into a beast, Woods
and Caves were my shelters. Whilst
I was mired in pleasures, I was plung'd
in troubles, my couche was prepar'd
on a precipice; at the same instant both
sleep and ruine crept upon me; such
mist interpos'd the beames of my rea-
son, that I expected anchorage in the
midst of so many stormes, and so many
perils. What course shall I steere, in
what creek shall I secure my selfe, be-
ing beaten on a lee-shore, amidst the
shelves and shoales of encompassing
dangers? The hopes that convoyed
my youth are disperled and vanished,
and I am become like to one ship-
wracked, who having lost his vessel
sends a watery eye after his floating
treasures: scourged hither and thither
by the tyrannous winds and no less im-
perious waves, I am farre from har-
bors, can kenne no land that gives
hopes of escape, I let my self be dri-
ven on the rocks where I must most
miser-

d miserably perish. The Enemy hath
 with planted his Ambuscadoes and I never
 been mistrusted, I have walked without fear
 or suspicion over the pit-falls he hath
 covered for me; and, as if I were ac-
 cessary to my owne perdition, I have
 clapp'd an extinguisher on the light
 that should guide to their discovery.
 I have soothed my self in my sinnes,
 nor could I fasten in my Imagination
 the least opinion of homage due from
 my youth to the Signiorie of death.
 Thus my Soul being over-reached by
 the vanity of that false position, gave
 entertainment to all extravagant ap-
 petites. I held forth a willing arme
 to ushering sensuality; and was carri-
 ed wheresoever her policy and ty-
 ranny led me. Why, said I, (disputing
 with my self) should I dream of death?
 why should I fixe my thoughts on the
 end before the middle hath taken up
 my considerations; life enough is left
 unspunne to meditate a recollection, a
 suddain conversion waites on my will
 at all seasons. Thus have I grown
 bold in my impieties, thus are my ill
 customes

customs become habitually, and thus
as a Gally-slave to sinne, chain'd to
oare, I must obey. I am like unto a
natique that hates both life and body
and armes his fury against the one and
the other, untill his totally sopited and
besotted reason leaves to command
his actions. But alas, the bent of my
hate is of a nature more strange, more
pernitious ! The lunatick fastens on his
body, bends but his fist and blows
against clay : but my obdurate sinne
sinne makes me fasten on my Soul, and
conclude its wounds in murther. Ha-
ving thus climbed by degrees to the
top of Iniquity, day after day I irri-
tate my God, and my obstinacy calls
upon the justice of his fury and my
perdition. I have been often forced to
smother the inveterate and wicked
flames that prey upon me. But it is im-
possible to secure my heart from them
their fewell is in mee, they are lodg'd
in my bones. O my God, spread thy gra-
cious wings over me ! I am not able to
quench this destroying fire, but with
the saving fire of thy divine love. I
have

have not strength enough to cast off
the yoke of sinne : thy assistance must
work my dis-ingagement, and thy suc-
cours must prove the reserves to my
weaker forces. My deserts (I must con-
fesse) dare not move for these favours;
but, since thy goodnesse causeth the
sunne to comfort the good and bad
with the radiancy of an equall Influ-
ence ; and that thou layest thy obliga-
tions on the unworthy, and on those
that beg them not at thy hands; I can-
not conceive thou wilt be so thrifty of
thy spirituall riches towards one that
begs with the vehemency of so Intent
an ardour, and with the deep sense
of so much sorrow for his offences.
Move thy compassion towards me, give
eare to the humble sute of a poor
wretch, thou that art rich in mercies
thou that gloriest in the facility of par-
doning, thou that wasthest away the
evill habits of the will, thou that
hearkenest to the complaints of the cap-
tives, thou that breakest the Netts we
pitch for our selves, thou that buyest
our liberty when we sell our selves to
slavery

slavery, and imploy the false liberty
(men think they enjoy without thee) a-
gainst thee: stretch forth thy hands that
the worke of thy hands may not per-
rish, that I may not fall into the bot-
tomlesse pitt that affords not one drop
of watter to quench the everlasting
flames that tortures sinners: deliver me
from the Jawes of the roaring Lyon
who searcheth me for his prey, and
vwill not leave off his bloodthirsting
scent: thou, vwho art my Protector, and
in vwhose mercy all my hopes cast an-
chor, let the effects of thy mercies an-
swer the hopes of them; because I have
hoped in thee my God, I shall not be
confounded; and having in the con-
clusion tasted the returnes of my pray-
ers, I vwill beare a part to thy glory
vvith the heavenly Quires of Angells
and blessed Spirits.

PSALM.

PSALM IV.

MY nightly couch hath been cur-
tain'd about with melancholy;
fear and terrour have given their un-
welcome attendance to my fancy, my
conscience makes mortal and re-itera-
ted thrusts, nor am I dexterous enough
to ward its passes; and the least wound
I receive, is from the tuck of an Enemy.
I cannot allay my disquieting thoughts;
covering Illusions interrupt my sleeps,
instead of affording its naturall repose,
it ministers to my inquietude. It is an
impossibility, sleep should attaque my
eye-lids; if a wearinesse stroak my tem-
ples with the hopes of a slumber, a rest-
lesnesse in me frustrates its blanditions.
I feele a late, what devouring fire
creeps through my entrailes which re-
ceivs recruits from my watchings. The
food disrelisheth that relished before.
I mingle teares with my Beverage, my
forehead is bound about with confusi-
on, shame spreads it selfe over my face.
When I ruminat on my offences to-
wards my God, and in how many
fundry

• sundry wayes I have abused my own
abilities and his favours. The study
of vanity hath 'Ingross'd' the sum of my
dayes, I grow pale with cares oppo-
site to my good, permitting my selfe
to be carried away with the extravagance
of my conceits and the Injustice of
my desires: my losse is become Irrepa-
rable, I have let slip the time destin'd
for the working forth of my salvation.
I fed my Imagination with dreames,
my eyes seem'd to entertaine nothing
but realities, and they proved meer
delusions. In fine, I have deceived my
self; my vanities and ravings have con-
spired my ruine, my aymes reach'd
heaven, and the depth of Hell receive
me; and since my veterane sins teeme
new offences, and one abyss draweth
another Abyss, my soul enervated by
vice is become feeble, and I am now
rottenness in the Nostrills of men. My
wishes catch at impossibilities, and the
imaginary possession of them render
me not unlike to one, who dreaming
golden dreames, at his awaking is se-
d with a regretfull corrosive for his
vanishes

nished treasure. I am but a worme,
 y God) yet such a stranger to my
 e I have had an aspiring boldnesse
 red me over the tops of others heads;
 my discourses have beene tipped
 th fastuous affectation, I conceived
 elixar of wisdom to consist in that
 de. I became intolerable to those re-
 mbled me, a fantastique groundlesse
 oler hath often hurried me on to be
 urious. This cruell passion was so in-
 te, my soul itselfe nursed it with-
 t the least incouragement of a provo-
 tion : so long as it rained in me, not
 ly my selfe, servants, and relations,
 t I my self participated the fury of its
 ranny. And, without consideration
 w God upraided me not with the Im-
 ensity of his favors, I hit my freinds in
 e teeth with scarce obliging civilities.
 ave murmured under the pressure of
 y misfortunes, I have placed my hopes
 man, and waved my confidence in
 od. I entertained truth with deafness,
 holosome documents with offence,
 e instructor with anger, the pilots of
 lvation with dislike ; my genius hath
 bin .

bin abusive. I have courted vengeance for the least affront or punctillio, and anticipated the prerogative of God whose whole prerogative it is to revenge. I have bin disrespectfull to the Maintainers of a good cause. Retorts although seasoned with sweetness and humility, moved my choler: what was good in the good squared not with my humor, Brawls and contentions made up my divertisements, I was skilfull pioneer in undermining the friendship of Bretheren, and in making discord and hatred amongst them to the best advantage: good instructions have touched my theory, but were never welcomed by my practise; they have knockt at my eares, but were not admitted into my heart. I have carressed evill counsellors, whose endeavors were to please, they have filled a choise place in my favour. But I fancied not tell-troth, nor those that with a wholesome freedome both hinted at my imperfections and persued them with pious correction. I have not stretcht forth my hand to those in distresse, and

who snatched at my needful assistance.
I have not shared my morsells with the
poor, whom death had beleagured
with famine and necessity. I have tur-
ned mine eyes from the begger and
the sick, lest a sensible compassion
should triumph over my avarice and
engage an Almes. I have had no care to
discharge my debts, nor to restore the
depositums to those who confided in
me, with the greater facility. To answer
my unlimited desires, I have bankrupt
my neighbor by borrowing what I ne-
ver restored: I groped after wealth, but
as an easier expedient to sin. I have ap-
peared rich upon a vaine and sinfull
account, but alwaies poor upon a cha-
ritable one. I wanted nothing to enter-
tain my concupiscence, I wanted every
thing to treat piety. I have banished
moderation from my trencher, & with
horrid excesses overcharged nature
that is satisfied with a little, and is the
very schoolemistris of temperance. I
have paid a strange Idolatry to my
Belly, I have built my glory upon an
earthly foundation, which could threa-

ten nothing but destruction. The most exquisite rarities have been searched for to furnish out my table, I have fastened inconveniencies to excuse my necessities; necessity hath been often urged as a pretext for my gluttony: my complacency hath bin with addultresses. I have loved the conversation of the incontinent. My impurities have arrived to such a pitch that I have not confidence to expresse what I have had confidence to commit. I have bound out my cares and tongue apprentice to vanity; with a favorable attention have sucked in flatteries; and when in my opinion my prayes came short, have made them up with them of my owne mintage. When an occasion of applause has bin offered, I have bin tickled with applauding my selfe and with the applause of others. In terrestrial all delicacies I have forfeited the care of heaven; if at any time the apprehensive horror of death and Judgment dreweth me forth of that pitt which the cntregues of worldly pleasure hath sunck for us, at the same instant

slip back againe, I am like to a dog
 that returnes to his vomit. I am dead
 to good workes, I still live in sinns,
 and although a neere borderer on the
 frontiers of death, neverthelesse undif-
 fered with the terrour and dreadfull-
 nesse of its approaches, I run upon it,
 but (O my God) let thy great compas-
 sion antevvert that great day, that fear-
 full day, that day of teares and groanes;
 prepare me by death to the commence-
 ment of life, that I may fill the whole
 creation with encomiums of thy mercy.
 behold (O Lord,) behold the posture of
 my soule, behold the streights my con-
 spiscence hath brought it in, behold
 the stripes of that Fury; preserve me
 from the power of an enemy that will
 prove unconquerable, unlesse thy aux-
 iliary forces intervene. Knock off the
 shackles & bolts of death, (O my God)
 that I may chaine my selfe to thee, who
 art the true life; and that have-
 ing cast away the care of all things, I
 may follow thee, who art more confi-
 dable then all things. Lord my God,
 of mercy and salvation, whisper to

my soul, I am thy safeguard, thy prayers are accepted, let it be done unto thee according to thy petition; let such a voice (my God) draw my attention that following thee I may encounter thee, encountering thee I may never depart from thee untill thou returns me whole. For where shall I find physick for my greifs, if I repair not to thee my God; and who can prove a more expert physitian for my infirmities than he who hath stoop'd from heaven for the reparation of mankin'd, and to apply remedies to his maladies? who can better bestow life than he, in whose hands is both life and death? who can be a better pledge for my salvation amongst the gulphs and precipices of this world, than my God and my Saviour? Save me then, enlighten me then thou art both the author of salvation and life, to those repose their trust in thee. And as thy power (my God) hath no alpha, let thy glory have no omega that we may magnifie thee, that we may adore thee, that we may erect immortal trophies to thy honour and re-

der everlasting thanks to thee, who art
the eternall fountaine of mercyes. I
have bin estranged from thee, and al-
though my estrangenesse was an act of
my owne will, thou hast not failed to
answer the beginning of my invocati-
ons with a timely assistance: The quick
applications of thy remedies have even
prevented my complaints, the very
will to be cured perfects the cure, and
so will life is a motive sufficient to thy
goodnesse that we receive it; the extent
of thy bounty is so large, thy graces
commonly anticipate the prayers of a
repenting sinner. I will confess, my God,
and that will be a satisfactory allay to
my indignation, how that I am consci-
ous of my Iniquities, how that I am ac-
quainted with my evill doings, and do
seek a present cure. Yea, my God, it is ne-
cessary I know them, that the horreur
have may be implanted in my bones,
and that my soul may be affrighted at
the terrible Image my memory copieth
forth. I discover to thy Divine Majesty
my imperfections and my sins, to the
end thy Mercy may rase and pumice
them

them forth, and thou maiest enlighten
the darke capacity of my soule that
misleads me to a rebellion against thee.
As thou wilt not the Iniquity, so thou
desires not the death of a sinner, but
that he be converted and live: the dead
shall not praise thee (my God) none but
thee living, none but we shall be thy
Panegyriks, Quiresters, and Trumpets
through all ages, the fullnesse of thy
mercies and the tenor of thy bounties

PSALM

PSALM, V.

BEfore thee (my God) have I sum-
med up my miseries , not for thy
information , not to make known the
Condition wherein I stand , nor the
paths I trace in the world ; because al-
ready they are faillen under thy eternall
prescience, and from eternity thou hast
numbered my foot-steps. Thou piercest
through the obscurity of darkness, thou
discloest all closets, there is nothing
can withdraw it self from thy sight, to
thee are all things present, thou dive'st
into the Cabinet-counsell of our
hearts, our most secret thoughts to thee
are patent. I will therefore lay open
my miseries that thou maist uncover
thy mercy, and spread over me thy
protecting wing: I will reveale my se-
crets that thou mayest conceale them,
that thou mayest be satisfied with the
humility and brokennesse of my heart,
that by a sacrifice so propitiatory, I
may invite a plenary expiation of my
offences. I have hitherto cast up an au-
dit of things horrible, yet the reckon-

ing falls short of what I have committed. My conscience allarums me with continuall assaults, continually represents the horrid Ideas of my trespasses, and ingenders in my soul a worm that bites and corrodes without intermission, but why may not the knawing corrosive of this worm consume all impurities, and in consuming them consume it selfe? My God, let it not so feed that it may live eternally, let it feed that it may dye, and that, by feeding, by degrees it may leave to feed. But alas! how deplorable is my case. I believed the latitude of my confession had circumscribed my sins, but I must confess it admits of larger bounds, my memory still affords fresh instances of a deserved fear from thy Justice; and as it swells with the whole iniquity of my life, it is no sooner delivered of one particular, but it groweth big with particulars more heinous, more criminal. Were the sand of the sea multiplied into figures it were an arithmetick too skant to cast up my transgressions. Were my tongue centupled it were still impossible

impossible to count one of a million : so
 that my greif is the more intepse by
 reason all my impurities come not
 within the compasse of my memory, be-
 cause the wedgery of new offences drive
 and peg out the old ones. But (my God)
 those I will not wrap up in silence my
 remembrance hath bundled up, I will
 remove my affection from them, that I
 may the more firmly settle it on Thee,
 that thou weighing the humility of my
 soul and an eye floating in teares,
 my severity may be abated, and thy ten-
 der sweetnesse encouraged. Thou who
 art the reall sweetnesse, the sweetnesse
 that entraps not, the blessed sweetnesse,
 the sweetnesse most assured and perma-
 nent. I have entertained kindnesse with
 envy and malice, charity with disre-
 spect. Kings Princes and the ministers
 of the Gospel have been under the lash
 of my tongue, with outragious mur-
 murings I have scandalized them ; en-
 tomiums of the good received reproof,
 the actions of the wicked approbation ;
 if at any time the just were justly
 applauded, at the same time my endea-
 vours

vours were to fully their reputation with impostures. I have sifted out their most hidden failings. I have been so censoriously rigid towards them, that into grand crimes have I aggravated their petty trepasses: on the contrary, if the wicked received their due salary of a just infamy, and consequently fell into disrepute and discredit with the world, I have immediately backed them, I have extolled their imaginary vertues, and preferred them before the just; and perhaps have proved the ultimate cause of their perdition. I have combined with the thiefe in purloining my neighbor's goods; and that nothing may be wanting to compleate my iniquity, have fathered the scandall on the son of my mother; my friends and relations could not secure themselves from my frauds, nor shelter themselves from my calumnies. What inundations of miseries and misfortunes was possible to breake in upon mortalls, my malicious wishes poured on my neighbor's head. In his death have I often laied the foundation,

oundation of my hopes. I have not
 ed a protecting wing over the inno-
 nt; and as if the dyfasters of the un-
 rtunate were a pleasing harmony to
 e, with inhumane reproaches I have
 n'd their afflictions, to the highest key.
 he greatest part in the world hath suf-
 ered in the rashness of my judgment,
 have condemned for sins things with-
 ut the evidence of the least suspition,
 have perceived the moate in my bro-
 hers eye without seeing the beame in
 ny owne, I have bin lulled in sloath
 and Idlenesse, shunn'd honest labors
 and vertuous exercises, I have drowned
 my time in a voluntary lethargie. My
 God, my thoughts were never busied
 about thankfull returnes for thy fa-
 vours ; nor hath thy lawes and thy
 power taken up my meditations.
 Thou knowest (O God) how sleep hath
 often quitted its nightly quarters on my
 eyelids, and my minde that entertain'd
 the thought of every thing else, was
 only unhospitable to the thought of
 thee. It hath flown every where, but
 never perched on thee. I have prepared
 for

for bed, I have setled my selfe to sleepe
I have awaked without dreaming
thee. I have been alwaies without thee
because I dwelt so much with my selfe
nor persued I any thing but dark passions
which constantly widned the distance
from thee. If at any time ejaculatory
thoughts soared towards thee
and pried into the wonders thou had
perpetrated for mankind, before they
were yet flegg I smothered them. I
have permitted my selfe to be philtred
by the sweet poyson of the world's
vanity The endeavours I use to teach
my speculations thy grandeurs, are not
unlike the endeavours used toward
that of sleep, vvhich vvhhen the en-
chanting flattery of it once overcomes,
there ensueth none more sound. I have
voted often the settlement of my con-
science, but still adjourn'd it till the
morrovv; the hopes to amend one day
hath cutt off all hopes of amendment.
I have placed my felicity on a tottering
and deceitfull basis, I leaned on a reed,
a broken staffe, vvhhen I thought my
footing

Noting most sure, I miserably dropped
 into the fire; and nothing but my fall
 could convince me of the feebleness of
 my support. My ambition hath snatch-
 ed at unlawfull honors, I burnt with
 an imoderate desire of hoarding up ri-
 ches and squeezing profit out of every
 thing. These uncurb'd lusts have bogued
 me in sinfull plunges and troubles. I
 have shaken hands with all the vick-
 ed, with all the unrighteous, and all
 whose whose lives were irregular and
 disorderly. I have dishonoured friend-
 ship, that sacred tye, that ought to ob-
 lige to none but the vertuous: yes (my
 God) I have disgraced it with concu-
 piscences, and have prophaned its san-
 ctity with the impurity of my affe-
 ctions, I have fancied my selfe in pasti-
 mes wherein lodg'd the cause of my
 perdition, and the fuell to that fire
 which consumed me; and instead of
 blocking up the passages to obstruct the
 inroades of death, I have opened him
 fresh avenues. All my members have
 been so many portalls to receive him
 into

into my soul. VVhen I have ben full
vvith new offences, I have not bin cle
fed from my old iniquities : on the
contrary they have rather bin the seed
of so many crimes which estranged me
from thy face. That is the reason I ha
been deprived of the consolation, th
presence affords, and that I wander
like a desperado, a stranger to his ow
pathes. But alas ! what will betide me
if I depart from thee ? who will throw
his eyes on me if thou avert thine, and
as a reprobate deny me the favour of
thy aspect ? No doubt I shall prove odi
ous to men, both a subject of scorn and
derision, vvhhen they shall demand of
me, Where is thy God ? why hath he e
clipsed his face from thee ? What shall
I do when outlawed from thy Protecti
on ? whither shal I go hemmed in on all
sides and deserted of thee ? With teares
and sobbes will I search thee out, I will
implore thy mercie, I will beseech thee
not to abandon me, and that thy just
indignation may not move thee to
draw off thy lookes from the guard of
thy

my servant; because my enemies per-
secute me, as if I fled before them, they
pursue me (My God) to inflave me
and to carrouse my blood. It behoofs
me therefore to take covert under thee,
to flye to thy Protection from whom I
have so long fled. Thou art my strength
(O God) my refuge, my assurance. It
is thy power alone can countenance
me, thy consolation which can cheere
me in the day of my miseries and affli-
ctions. As there is no God but thee,
there is no Saviour but thee, Thou my
God to whom my miseries and infir-
mities are patent, before whom Hy-
pocrisie is unvailed, forget both my old
and my new offences; let thy mercies
divert the pursuities of my enemies; file
off the bolts I have so cruelly been sha-
ckled with: there is none my God can
do it but thee, who crowneth with sal-
vation those that put their trust in thee,
and renders the poore and weake tri-
umphant over the proud; and the migh-
ty shade not the divine radiancy of
thy lookes from me. Disdaine me not

(O God) be unto me a salvation and assurance, a redeemer. I am poore and miserable, thou art accustomed to be glad the poore and the miserable with the splendor of thy rayes. If thy justice hunt to unkennell me, let thy mercy earth me; defend me through thy goodness that makes thee patient and me penitent. Thou art meek, thou art patient, thy mercy overpoiseth thy wrath: there is nothing more proper to thee than to compassionate the miserable, to pardon sinners: the whole world hath tasted of thy loving kindnesse because thou art omnipotent, thou connivest at the transgressions of mortalls that thou maiest be pleased with their repentance, thou forgives because thou lovest the world because it is the architecture of thy owne hands. Dart thy saving glances on me, that I may turne towards thee, disingage my afflicted soule from the desperate extremities it is reduced to, that my lips may overflow with thy praises, and that I may break forth and say, Blessed be the Lord, who

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th not permitted me to fall into the
nds of my enemies: they had destroy-
me, had not thy timely succour pre-
ented ; my soul was like to a bird en-
gled in the snares of the fowler. The
ts are broken, and I am delivered.

D

PSALM

Royal Palace

and permitted me to see the
school my country and the
me had not been in the
and my father and the
right to the house of the
and broken and I am

MAINTAINED

PSALM VI.

WHat shall I do, a miserable and
unfortunate object? The mon-
ster, sinne, spawn of the bottomlesse
pit, hath stained his jawes with the
laughter of my soul. I have bin led a
sad spectacle of my enemy's triumph.
My God! he hath stript me of all those
habiliments, wherewith thou didst
cloath me; I am now abashed to lay
open my nakednesse before thee, I issu-
ed out of thy hands, accomplished with
all the graces and riches might furnish
out a compleat happines; and without
seriously weighing the slendernefs of my
guard to secure them, I have picquered
with all occasions, that might dismount
me, and cast me into perdition. The
blazon of my soul is char-cole-fable,
it hath forfeited the livery colour of in-
nocency, and hath bartered for poison,
celestiall viands. That I might habit
my selfe in the mode of a sinner, I have
cast off thy precious equipage and ac-

countrements. I have bin to my self
both a defacement and a destruction
me-thinks I am moulded into the ab-
solute portraiture of the first mans dis-
obedience. In fine, (my God) sin hath
so miserably metamorphosed my con-
dition, thou wilt scarce discern in me
the stamp of thy creating impression. Is
it not justice then, like a rotten sheep
to exclude me the flock? If an awtul
trembling creep through the heavens
at thy sight, what confidence can lead
me into thy presence, who am nothing
but impurity? If from sinfulness I am
lapsed to brutishness, what impudence
can brazen me, to discover my face
mongst the Elect? I will nevertheless
returne to thee, although feare and
shame struggle within me; I will la-
shold on that fatherly bounty where
with thou embraces all men, as a guide
to conduct me into thy bosome, as the
affection of a parent persues his run-
away child, and metes with usury his
submissive return: So I hope (my God)
as thy love was abundant in my flight

My reclaiming will give it encrease.
But alas ! want of force and ability la-
meth the will I have to return ; I feel
the resistance of a cruell power, that
ayes me. I feel not the interruption
of chains and cords ; but the interrup-
tion of my own will, wherewith my
emy hath forged fetters impossible
to be knocked a-sunder. My shelter is
farre from thee, because thy Salvation
is far from sinners. I shall expire in this
wild a bondage, unlesse thy heaven-
ly supplies sally forth, and my God
have an eye over me ; I am plunged in
the mire and have no strength to reco-
ver my selfe ; a Harricane of temptati-
ons doth no lesse wrack my soul then
the foaming waves of an enraged sea
affets a miserable Bottome. All hope
of disingagement from these encom-
passing dangers fades, if the hopes of
thy protection blossomes not. Alas !
the more I essay to preserve my self
from Shipwrack, the more I strike upon
the rocks and flats. Both within and
without to my selfe, I am my owne fa-

all foe : domestique enemies are every where embattailed against me; I throw me eyes on every side, and discover none in whom to repose a trust : a Lackey, Fear, waites at my heeles ; and wheresoever I go, not one faithful friend answers the diligent scrutiny of my search: but how should I find faith, why should I challenge it from men when I have forfeited mine to God. In my miseries and afflictions, I have appealed to every one for comfort, have found none amongst those that filled the van in my affliction, that would lend me any consolation. I have never been happy in a true friend, so have been numerous that were nothing but aire, and smoaked forth volleys of vaine promises; they have been rather dumb (my God), because they vent nothing concerning thee, and because their words were so many sins. I have met with men void of charity, who swelled my faults with aggravation, that I might burst into dispaire, who outrageously loaded me with detrac-

ns and endeavoured that my soul
might sink under their malice as well
as my reputation; the impious swam
in my favours: and declining the right
paths, I have been a profelyte to their
prophanenesse. I am by little and little
arrived to that pitch of irregularity,
that although through the interpositi-
on of thy grace, I have not bid farewell
to religion, yet have I taxed many
things in it, as frivolous and worthy of
disdain. In fine, my God I cannot bor-
row an excuse from any Considera-
on, I have known thee in truth, but
worshipped thee neither in truth nor
in spirit, on the contrary I have turned
truth into lies, I have obeyed the crea-
ture before the creator, I have fished
for delight in things deceitfull and
transitory, instead of diving for it in
truth eternall. But (O my God) since
thou hast informed my knowledg with
thy true religion, shake off that drowsi-
nesse, my iniquities hath hung upon
me: so guard my eyes that it may resist
the sleep of death, which invades my

soul, enlighten my eyes draw them
towards thee, to the end that through
thy light they may behold thee who
art the light eternall, which is never
deficient, never extinguished ; which
comprehends whatsoever can be ima-
gined sweet and delectable , that they
may greedily feast themselves on the
vision of thee, that they may run-over
with joy, that they may wish for no
thing but thee, that they may be con-
vinced thou alone art truly amiable
Thou art the true light that conveyest
light to all that come into the world
Dart one of thy rayes, that it may dis-
sipate the gloomy darknesse is gathered
about me ; worke in me a disposition
to come under thy wholsome lawes
to the end that my soul, enflamed with
the fire of thy love, may languish after
none but thee , and seek for no plea-
sures, but what thou reaches to her O
Lord. I say, my soul let me say, Thine
thine it is by creation, mine only by
gift and donation ; preserve a creature
thou

Thou hast framed according to thine own
 image, of whom thou wert pleased to
 become both the moulder and the mo-
 dell. Let not the pretious gift where-
 with thou hast endowed me, where-
 with thou hast honoured me with pre-
 cedence above all the workes of thy
 hands miserably perish, and become a
 prey to the mouth of Hell. Stigmatize
 me in every part, let corroding ulcers
 and putrefactions creep through my
 flesh, let wormes and noysome verm-
 consume me; doe but thou pardon
 my soul, and stretch not forth thy hand
 towards it armed with tempests; con-
 duct me into thy pathes before our He-
 mispheare doe leave off the departing
 gann, who (being now upon his last
 complement) add force to thy call and
 compells me to thee: force me (ô God)
 with all the Artillery of violence, that
 may surrender my self to thee and not
 perish. Supplant my heart of marble
 with a heart of flesh, let thy spirit wield
 the scepter there, that thy precepts
 may oblige my footsteps and thy com-
 mands

mands my observance: let not any thing in me (my God) be the motive of thy favours, whose unworthinesse in abuse of so many mercyes hath wholly incapacitated, but thy holy and venerable name alone. I must acknowledge the tardinesse of my arrivall at thee, and to me it is punishment enough was no timelier. But, my God, I am satisfied thou streightens not the time, and limits it to those who would come and find thee out; with an equall acceptance thou receives the tardy and the early. Although sin be an object of thy hatred, it overskipps the sinner; nor dost thou rejoyce at his perdition. Although delay be tedious, yet thou expects with patience. (My God) sweet and taking is that expression, wherewith thou revives the already drooping hopes of my soul. Although (say'st thou) thy other loves have merited my jealous indignation, returne yet unto me, and I will enfold in mine armes. What a pleasing charme is couched in that saying which influenceth the sinner with an encourage

rage

gement, although the weaknesse of
forces bring diffidence and dispaire?
the wicked do penance, he shall in-
ce the acquittall of his transgres-
sions; he shall live and not die. Can it be
imagined then (sayest thou) that the
death of a sinner is the effect of thy will?
fills me with consolation to hear thee
parabolize how the Shepheard find-
ing his lost sheep with joy, heaved it on
his shoulders; and how the woman
who had found her piece of silver
which she had lost, prepared a congra-
ulatory Gossoping for her neighbors.
When I turne over thy holy Writ, an
inundation of joyfull teares breaks
forth; when I incounter the story of the
father and the prodigall son, strike the
organs of my eares with that sound
which rouzeth soules from their dead
slumbers. Let it not only find a recep-
tacle in mine eare; but enlighten me
also with those diuine Rayes, which
convey to mens understanding, the hor-
ror of their sinns, and at the same time
over-

overpovver the darknesse of them, let
thy voice alvvaies eccho in my heart
say unto my drowfie soul, How long
wilt thou permit the lethargy of death
to sit pale upon thy temples? how long
shall those cruel bonds retain thee cap-
tive? It is time that thou arise, that
thou tread better paths, that thou re-
turne to me who hath ransomed thee.
Returne, returne, Shunamite, returne
that I may have a respect for thee. Re-
turne, cut of all delaies, pluck off all re-
mora's and hasten to me, because I am
thy Lord, I am thy God, who calleth
thee, who wipeth away sins, and wraps
in oblivion things past. My God, when
my cares are solaced with this divine
rhetorick, with assurance I wil conclude
and say, let thy hopes my soul war-
rant repose, because thy Lord load's
thee with his bounties, lay aside all fear
and goe in quest of him, and although
the weariness of so many evill journeys
hang on thee, neverthelesse hasten thy
steps as thou intends to accelerate thy
con-

content, let not the sense of thy sins discourage thee. When thou shalt be as scarlet, thou shalt become as white as snow, thy sins shall be crossed out, they shall vanish as a small cloud, startle not at the censure of Bold and Presumptuous, seeing thou fals rather under the praise of Obedience. My soul, dispatch, go to him, he comes not to call the just but the sinfull. The God offended by thee, the same will be thy saving God, the God that will cause thee to triumph over sins thy mortall enemies. Why trembles thou to set forward? It is not a severe judge cites thee before him but a mercifull father that beckons, who would give thee a test of his kindnesse: Go, go freely whither mercy calls, lest one day a court of justice summon thee. In thee, I now cast anchor, my Saviour and my God, to thee I will confesse my sins without the least bashfull tincture of a Blush, because the committing of them before men & the rebelling against thee never covered my

my face with a iust confusion. Let
grumbling pharisee murmur, Who
pardon sinns but God alone. This is
voice of my God, the effects of who
breath is never abortive. This God th
calls me overflows with gracio
sweetnesse, his wrath dams not up t
current of his mercy; My Saviour! relyi
on thy promises it shall not be a faim
return to thee. Thou art my Anchorag
and I hope thou wilt prove my Inher
tance in the land of the living. Prostra
before thy majesty, I will leave to fea
because thou hast pleased to call me
but lest thy eyes should nauseate m
impurities, I will buck them in m
teares, they shall flow continually
my couch shall bear a watery test
mony of my sorrowes; and that I ma
render me acceptable to thee, I will b
lesse acceptable to my selfe. In conclu
sion, my God, I will endeavor not to a
buse the graces thou hast lavished o
me with so prodigall a liberality; and
since I feel thy motions working in m

Royall Psalms.

53

ill repent my selfe of my sinns to
end that purified by repentance
in a refined and cleansed heart I
sing thy praises, and say with thy
phet, Who is like to thee? How glo-
us shall thy prayes hang on the lips
a sinner, and of him who having
wn in tears shall reap in Joy.

P S A L M

Reynolds, F. (1890)

PSALM. VII.

Am mouldy with afflictions,
cankred with troubles, rusty
with miseries unexpressible: Gild me
(my God) with the Beames of thy
Compassion. The Torrents of ini-
quity rise upon me, they have o-
ver-flowed the confines of my
soul, like the proud streames of a
swelling current. My sinnes, bank-
ed up by dissimulation, not unfluced
by confession, nor laved forth by a-
mendment, are grown to such a
height, they have usurped over my
head, they have bowed my under-
standing and my will to the domi-
on of concupisence, or rather to
the servitude of the Divell. Alas!
on every side, are mortall sally-ports
to my Soul, from the bottom of
my foot to the top of my head
there is nothing which is not over-
E spread

spread with serping ulcers; my
enemy hath tripp'd up my heels
and like a barbarous Incensed T
rant he hath sequestred me of
things, but my understanding;
the end that the conscioufnesse
my evill and ruine, might ha
more weight on my sorrows. It ha
been an act of favour to have d
vested me of all the functions of
Souls but alas he hath spoyled
of them as to good, and left
them as to evill. He hath rock
my Soul into so deep a slumber;
though its wounds fall under
discovery, they fall not under
much sense as to wish a cure
urge a remedy. When what
necessary called upon mine ear
then a deafnesse choaked them
I locked out the revelations of
Truth; but when a necessary
attention should shut out this
unprofitable, and the follies of

Wo

World; then my cares gaped and
 sucked them in, with a greedy
 thirst. The taste of things celestially
 was unsavory, with a loathing
 antipathy I nauseated whatsoever
 might nourish vertue in my Soul,
 nothing slid more deliciously off
 my palate then Terrestrial Gusto's.
 I have not made the works of my
 God the prospect of contemplations,
 upon this Account I have shared
 more of the beast then of the man: on
 the contrary, the vanities of the
 earth, have dallied my Speculations
 with pleasure; with a lust unsatiabie
 have been enamoured to them.
 The old Enemy of mankind hath
 not onely surpris'd the five Ports of
 my senses, to cut off the passages of
 Salvation; but likewise secured to
 himself all the members of my bo-
 dy. He hath so well placed his am-
 buscado's, it was impossible to de-
 cline them. When I was most Indu-

strious to disappoint him, I have miserably dropped into his clutches: my Seeing has bin criminall and my not-seeing; my understanding, and my not-understanding; my discourse and my silence; my standing and my sitting, my sleeping and my waking, my walking and my reposing. In fine, (my God) I have perverted the use of my senses and all my members to actions shameful and destructive; unchast desire scortched me up; there was neither law natural, divine, or humane that I have not been a trespasser against. I have onely observed the law of sinne. Alasse, would I could not say I had observed it, but that I would observe it no longer: but because I am the very same, and feel no alteration, I persue worse principles and tread in paths more perilous: my will shakes a Scepter over me, my Soul is gangreen'd with corruption.

ruption, and is it selfe the cause and
 core of its own evil. I often quarrel
 with my selfe, that it should be irk-
 some to me to live, but not to
 sinne; my understanding is privy to
 my folly, which adds the more to my
 confession, and in my own censure
 justly casts me, Thou who embrac-
 es pleasures with such a pathet-
 tick dotage, why wallows thou so
 long in the mire, wherein thy
 concupiscences have bogg'd thee ?
 Why do the affaires of the world
 goad thee with such pricking cares ?
 Why hunt'st thou with such a ra-
 venous sent after things transitory
 and perishing ? Why miscalls thou
 those things good thou purchases
 with so much paine ; yea often at
 the price of thy salvation, things
 which with fear thou possessest and
 must quit with sorrow. VVhy (my
 soul) dost thou forget thy race and
 the nobility of thy extraction, why

art thou not ashamed, with so much cowardice and pusillanimity to submit to the power of thy body and senses, which were placed under the Legiance. Why givest thou entertainment to the charmes of the deceitfull promises of the world's witch-craft? How art thou ignorant that the embleme of the greatest good is but an exhaled meteor that radiates for a vvhile and instantly vanisheth. Blush, blush thou miserable sinner because thou hast declined the Creator to divert to the creature; that in the end, with a judgment rectified, thou may'st discern the delusions that abuse thee. Behold how thou wearies thy selfe in the persuit of a false good, and like to the Issue of a metamorphosed Arachne, who spins her own entrails and weaves them into subtle nets onely to murther flies in; so toylest thou with many labours

labours and troubles in the search
of a small prey, not considerable in
any thing but in its traine of tor-
ments, wherein it will engage thee.
Thou shalt more blush that thou hast
known that, whence thou couldest
reap no profit. Deplore the time
thou hast mis-husbanded, to the
end that out of the very shame of it,
thou may'st at least gleane some
harvest. Pay thy heart to God, and
thou discharges a due debt. Verily
when I ruminate these discourtes
my indignation is kindled against
my selfe, that I should not bequeath
that to heaven which I so freely
bestow on earth. I am offended with
my selfe when the reproaches of
my conscience allarum my con-
siderations, when I compare the loss
of so great riches with the little ad-
vantage of so small gaines. The
knowledge of good lead's me not
to it, but the sight of evill allures

me. My enemy hath school'd me
will, and adapting me to his desires
he hath rendred me almost as de
testable as himselfe. He loads me
with Irons, and committs me to the
black Rod of sinne. But, my God
since thou art the God of might
and of power, and holds jurisdiction
over my life, dislodge not thy auxilia
ry bands farre from me. Draw them
forth in my aide, shade me under
the umbrella of thy wings, that my
adversaries may not have the view
of my ruine; and that my enemy
proud of my destruction, may not
have cause to boast, he hath trium
phed over me. Break the cords that
spanse me and hinder my pace to
wards thee. Knock a-sunder the
chaines of sinne I am so strongly
fettered in, give my enemy a taste
of thy might, let me have cause to
make thy altars smoake with the
sacrifices of joy, and sing with thy
saints

d mints, What expression is large
 fires enough to cloathe the power of the
 s de word? Who is capable of the praises
 s m God, who hath plucked my soul
 o the out of the nets and gins of death,
 God who hath elbowed me for falling,
 high and preserved me out of the throat
 ction of the lyon in my miseries. At whose
 alia cares shall my Invocations knock, if
 hem not at thine (my God,) whom our
 nder refathers Invocations have so pro-
 t m ably moved? if not at thine cares
 view my God,) who never frustrated
 my the hopes built upon thee? Take me
 no when under thy protection and let the
 um whole world combate me, nothing
 than shall dismay me; I will fling a scorn-
 e ro- full eye on the assaults and approa-
 the ches of my enemies, as long as thou
 ngly embraces my quarrell and stands
 st o by me. Sift my heart, sift my affecti-
 e to- ons, and winnow out all that is con-
 the- ary to thee. Cast my soul in a new
 thy mould, create in me a second faith,
 ins to

to engraft thy graces, that they come
not within the possibility of wither
ing ; so that , having bid adieu
the vanities of the world , and
deceiving pleasures, even the sinne
himselfe may be allowed praise for
the purity of his desires. My wish
ayming only at thee (my God), let
my petitions and supplications find
audience. Then will I say with
assurance, My soul, ô Lord, is in thy
vail with no desires but what thou
father'st. I am convinced, we cannot
pray unlesse thou quicken our pray
ers with wholsome inspirations
we cannot ascend to thee without
thou lend a pulley. Draw me thee
(O Lord) enlighten my Tneory, that
it may mend my Practice, that begin
ning well I may end well: draw me
my God, before my old Inveterate
habits smother my new resolutions
and my perverted vwill and confirm
ed in evill, overmaster this daye
de-

signes for my good: Seeing I pur-
 ge what is just, let me not relapse
 to my former Injustices. Capaci-
 tate thee for thy grace and my salva-
 tion, spread thy rayes over me, dispell
 darknesse which envelopes me.
 Vest me in those pretious garments
 which make me acceptable to thy
 face, dismantle me of those fatall
 robes wherein sin hath cloathed me.
 In conclusion, (my God) burthen
 thy remembrance with my
 iniquities. Work an universall
 change in me, that becoming a new
 creature I may bring to thy service a
 new sould, new fervours; and that
 constantly persuing thee I may have
 my delight in nothing but in Jesus my Sa-
 vour and my Master. *Lauds Deo.*

FINIS.